crawling betweene earth and heaven? we are arrant Knaves, beleeve none of us, go thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophel. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry, goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make your selves another, gig and amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no moe marriages, those that are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophel. O what a noble minde is here orethrowne!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suckt the honey of his Musicke vowes;
Now see what noble and most soveraigne reason
Like sweet bels jangled out of time, and harsh,
That unmatcht forme and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections doe not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch and the discloſe

Will

Will be some danger; whic
I have in quicke determinat
Thus set downe: he shall wi
For the demand of our negle
Haply the Seas and Countri
With variable objects shall
This something setled matt
Whereon his braines still b
Puts him thus from fashion
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well:
But yet I doe beleeve the o
Sprung from neglected love
You need not tell us what
We heard it all: my Lord
But if you hold it fit, after
Let his Queen-mother all
To shew his griefe; let her
And Ile be plac'd (so pleas
Of all their conference: i
To England send him, or
Your wisdome best shall t

King. It shall be so,
Madnesse in great ones m

Enter Hamlet,

Ham. Speake the spee
trippingly on the tongu
Players do, I had as lieve
not saw the aire too much
for in the very torrent te
your passion you must acc
give it smoothnesse: O
bustious Perwig-pated fe
rags, to spleet the eares of
are capable of nothing bu
I would have such a fello
Herods Herod, pray you
Play. I warrant your h

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